

EXTRACTS

Bible K

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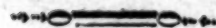
Two Versions of the Psalms,

NOW GENERALLY IN USE;

TO BE OCCASIONALLY SUNG IN

St. John's Church, Wakefield,

To the best and most familiar Old Tunes.



Wakefield :

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1799.



Extracts from the Psalms, &c.

PSALM I.

A Psalm of Instruction.

Common Metre.—Tune, *St. John's*.

I.

HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;

II.

But makes the perfect law of God
His bus'ness and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Tree III.

Like some fair ~~tree~~ which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

IV.

Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd
Like chaff before the wind.

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PSALM V.

A Psalm of Penitence and Supplication.

C. M.—Tune, *Burford*.

PURCEL.

I.

LORD! hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

II.

Thou, in the morn, my voice shalt hear;
And, with the dawning day,
To Thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

III.

For, Thou the wrongs that I sustain
Canst never, Lord, approve,
Who, from thy sacred dwelling-place,
All evil dost remove.

IV.

Conduct me by thy righteous laws,
For, watchful is my foe;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.

PSALM VIII.

A Psalm of Praise and Thanksgiving.

C. M.—Tune, *St. James's*. COURTVILLE.

I.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame;
 Through all the world how great art Thou!
 How glorious is thy name!

II.

In heav'n thy marv'ulous acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there;
 And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue
 Thy boundless praise declare.

III.

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight;
 The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light;

IV.

What's man, say I, that, Lord, Thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind?
 Or, what his offspring, that Thou prov'st
 To them so wond'rous kind?

PSALM IX.

A Psalm of Praise and Thanksgiving.

C. M.—Tune, *Wakefield*. HEIGHINGTON.

I.

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare;
 To all the list'ning world thy works,
 Thy wond'rous works declare.

II.

The thought of them shall to my soul
 Exalted pleasures bring;
 Whilst, to thy name, O thou Most High!
 Triumphant praise I'll sing.

III.

The Lord for ever lives, who has
 His righteous throne prepar'd,
 Impartial justice to dispense,
 To punish or reward.

IV.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
 From Sion, his abode;
 Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
 Confess no other God.

PSALM XXIII.

A Psalm of Instruction.

C. M.—Tune, *Lincoln*. RAVENSCROFT.

I.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
 Vouchsafes to be my guide;
 The Shepherd, by whose constant care
 My wants are all supply'd.

II.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
 And, to his endless praise,
 Instruct, with humble zeal, to walk
 In his most righteous ways.

III.

I pass the gloomy vale of death
 From fear and danger free;
 For, there, his aiding rod and staff
 Defend and comfort me.

IV.

Since God does thus his tender love
 Through all my life extend,
 That life to Him I will devote,
 And in his temple spend.

PSALM XXXIV.

A Psalm of Confidence.

C. M.—Tune, *London, New.*

I.

THE hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just ;
 Deliv'rance he affords to all,
 Who in his succour trust.

II.

O make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

III.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear :
 Make you his service your delight,
 Your wants shall be his care.

IV.

While hungry lions lack their prey,
 The Lord will food provide
 For such as put their trust in Him,
 And see their wants supply'd.

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PSALM XLI.

A Psalm of Instruction.

C. M.—Tune, *St. Ann's.*

CROFT.

I.

HAPPY the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress'd;
When he's by trouble compass'd round,
The Lord shall give him rest.

II.

The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong,
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.

III.

If he, in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lie,
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

IV.

Secure of this, to Thee, my God,
I thus my pray'r address'd;
"Lord, of thy mercy heal my soul,
"Though I have much transgress'd."

PSALM LXVI.

A Psalm of Praise and Thanksgiving.

C. M.—Tune, *Sheldon*. KING JAMES I.

I.

LET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise,
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.

II.

And let them say how dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works art Thou!
To thy great pow'r, thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

III.

Through all the earth, the nations round,
Shall Thee their God confess;
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great name express.

IV.

God by his pow'r for ever rules,
His eyes the world survey;
Let not presumptuous man rebel
Against his sov'reign sway.

PSALM LXVII.

A Psalm of Praise and Thanksgiving.

Peculiar Metre.—Tune, *Durham*.

I.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

II.

That so thy wond'rous works
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

III.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

IV.

Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose,
And we with plenty shall be crown'd,
Which God, our God, bestows.

PSALM LXXXIV.

A Psalm of Prayer and Supplication.

C. M.—Tune, *Bedford*.

WHEALL.

I.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the place
 Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
 The brightness of thy face.

II.

My longing soul faints with desire
 To view thy blest abode ;
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For Thee the living God.

III.

Behold, O God ! for, Thou alone
 Canst timely aid dispense :
 On thy devoted servant look,
 Be thou my strong defence.

IV.

O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,
 My just request regard :
 Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r
 Be still with favour heard.

PSALM LXXXVI.

A Psalm of Penitence and Supplication.

C.M.—Tune, *Old Windsor*. RAVENSCROFT.

I.

TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline ;
Hear me, distress'd, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.

II.

Do Thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy name adore :
Thy servant keep ; and him, whose trust
Relies on Thee, restore.

III.

To me, who daily Thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend ;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On Thee alone depend.

IV.

Thou, Lord, art good ;—not only good,
But prompt to pardon too ;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.

PSALM C.

A Psalm of Praise and Thanksgiving.

L. M.—Proper Tune. MARTYN LUTHER.

I.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

II.

The Lord, ye know, is good indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
And for his sheep He doth us take.

III.

O enter, then, his gates with praise;
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

IV.

For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM CIII.

A Psalm of Praise and Thanksgiving.

L. M.—Tune, *Islington*. ADAM SMITH.

I.

MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
 God's holy name for ever bless;
 Of all his favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.

II.

The Lord abounds with tender love,
 And unexampled acts of grace;
 His weaken'd wrath does slowly move,
 His willing mercy flows apace.

III.

As high as heav'n its arch extends
 Above this little spot of clay,
 So much his boundless love transcends
 The small respect that we can pay.

IV.

As far as 'tis from east to west,
 So far has He our sins remov'd;
 And, with a father's tender breast,
 Has such as fear'd him always lov'd.

PSALM CIV.

A Psalm of Praise and Thanksgiving.

Peculiar Metre.—Proper Tune, *Hanover*. HANDEL.

I.

MY soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name;
O Lord our great God, how dost thou appear?
So passing in glory, that great is thy fame,
Honour and majesty, in Thee shine most clear.

II.

With light, as a robe, Thou hast thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth, thy greatness may see;
The heav'ns in such sort, Thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain, compared may be.

III.

How sundry, O Lord, are all thy works found!
With wisdom, full great, they are indeed wrought;
So that the whole world, of thy praise doth sound;
And as for thy riches, they pass all men's thought.

IV.

To this Lord and God, will I sing always;
So long as I live, my God praise will I;
Then am I most certain, my words shall him please;
I will rejoice in Him, to Him will I cry.

PSALM CXVI.

A Psalm of Praise and Thanksgiving.

C.M.—Tune, *St. David's*. JOHN MILTON.

I.

HOW just and merciful is God!
 How gracious is the Lord!
 Who saves the harmless, and to me
 Does timely help afford.

II.

Then, free from penfive cares, my soul
 Resume thy wonted rest;
 For God has wond'rously to thee
 His bounteous love exprest.

III.

Oh! what return to Him shall I
 For all his goodness make;
 I'll laud his name, and with glad zeal
 The cup of blessing take.

IV.

And all my life's remaining years,
 Which God to me shall lend,
 Will I, in praises to his name,
 And in his service, spend.

PSALM CXXX.

A Psalm of Penitence and Supplication.

Peculiar Metre.—Tune, *St. Bride's*. HOWARD.

I.

FROM lowest depths of woe,
To God I send my cry:
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

II.

Should'st Thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

III.

My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

IV.

My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

PSALM CXXXIII.

A Psalm of Instruction.

C. M.—Proper Tune.

I.

HOW vast must their advantage be,
 How great their pleasure prove,
 Who live like brethren, and consent
 In offices of love.

II.

True love is like that precious oil,
 Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
 Ran down his beard; and, o'er his robes,
 Its costly moisture shed.

III.

'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
 On Hermon's top distill;
 Or, like the early drops that fall
 On Sion's fruitful hill.

IV.

For God, to all whose friendly hearts
 With mutual love abound,
 Has firmly promis'd length of days,
 With constant blessings crown'd.

PSALM CXLI.

A Psalm of Penitence and Supplication.

C. M. Tune, *Kingston*. JEREMIAH CLARK.

I.

TO Thee, O Lord, my cries ascend;
O haste to my relief;
And, with accustom'd pity, hear
The accents of my grief.

II.

Instead of off'rings, let my pray'r
Like morning incense rise;
My lifted hands supply the place
Of ev'ning sacrifice.

III.

From hasty language curb my tongue,
And let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips
With wary silence barr'd.

IV.

From wicked men's designs and deeds,
My heart and hands restrain;
Nor let me in the booty share
Of their unrighteous gain.

PSALM CXLVI.

A Psalm of Praise and Thanksgiving.

C. M.—Tune, *Great Milton*.

I.

O PRAISE the Lord; and thou, my soul,
 For ever bless his name:
 His wond'rous love, while life shall last,
 My constant praise shall claim.

II.

On kings, the greatest sons of men,
 Let none for aid rely:
 They cannot save in dang'rous times,
 Nor timely help apply.

III.

Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,
 And there neglected lie;
 And all their thoughts and vain designs
 Together with them die.

IV.

Then happy he, who Jacob's God
 For his protector takes;
 Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
 His constant refuge makes.

PSALM CL.

A Psalm of Praise and Thanksgiving.

L. M.—Tune, *Norfolk*.

HOWARD.

I.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows:
Praise him in heav'n, where He his face,
Unveil'd in perfect beauty shews.

II.

Praise him for all the mighty acts
That he in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

III.

Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound:
Praise him with harps' melodious noise,
And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.

IV.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath He does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ;—
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

PSALM VII.

From Mr. TATTERSALL'S Improved Psalms.
A Prediction of the Increase of God's Wor-
shippers on Earth.

L. M.—V. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

S. WEBBE.

I.

IMMORTAL King, through earth's wide frame,
How great thy honour, praise, and name!
Thy reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Thy glory heavn's vast height transcends.

II.

From infants thou canst strength up-raise,
And form their lisping tongues to praise;
That, struck with awe, each wrathful band
In mute astonishment may stand.

III.

When, rapt in thought, with wakeful eye,
I view the wonders of the sky;
Whose frame thy fingers, o'er our head,
In rich magnificence have spread.

IV.

The silent moon, with waxing horn,
Along th' etherial region borne;—
The stars, with vivid lustre crown'd,
That nightly walk their destin'd round;—

V.

Lord! what is man, that, in thy care,
His humble lot should find a share?
Or, what the son of man, that Thou
Thus to his wants thine ear should'st bow!

PSALM XXII.

Admiration of God's Works, and his Con-
descension to the human Race.

L. M.—V. 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

Dr. DUPUIS.

XXVII.

MAKER of all through ev'ry land,
Thy deeds in full record shall stand;
And farthest realms, converted join
In homage to the name divine.

XXVIII.

Kings shall in Thee their mightier greet,
And lay their sceptres at thy feet;
Thy grace, by sacrifice implor'd,
Earth's tribes shall spread the festal board:

XXIX.

And all mankind, whose mortal frame
Th' insatiate grave prepares to claim,
Thy pow'r, Immortal Judge, shall own,
And, prostrate, kneel before thy throne.

XXX.

See, while by Thee redeem'd I live,
A race, from me their birth derive;
A race, by just possession thine,
Whose hearts, inspir'd, to truth incline:

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XXXI.

Whole tongue thy glory shall display,
Instruct the world thy will t'obey,
And bid thy righteous acts engage
The wonder of the future age.

